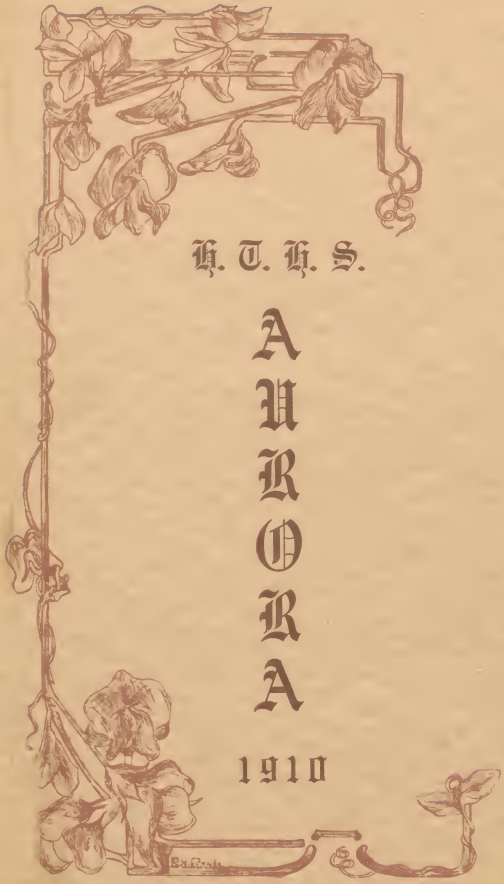

H. T. H. S.
AURORA
1910

Aurora

Published by the

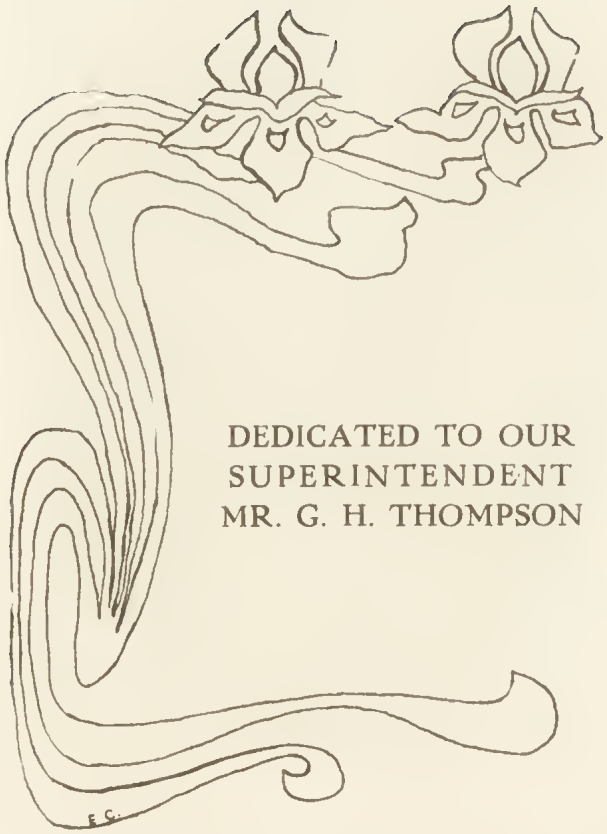
Class of Nineteen Hundred Ten

Hobart Township High School

Hobart, Indiana

Volume Three

HOBART TOWNSHIP HIGH SCHOOL



DEDICATED TO OUR
SUPERINTENDENT
MR. G. H. THOMPSON

LEWIS E. BARNES, Township Trustee

To whom is intrusted the business management of the schools, and to whose business acumen, energy and well directed effort may be attributed the complete plans and rapid progress toward the erection of the handsome and commodious addition to the High School Building.

G. H. THOMPSON, Superintendent

B. Sc. Valparaiso University 1907.
Principal Hobart Township High School 1895-1905.
Superintendent Hobart Schools 1905—

MISS HELEN M. QUINNELL
B. Sc. Valparaiso University 1910
Mathematics and Botany
H. T. H. S. 1907—
Englewood High School, Chicago
Normal School

MISS MABEL C. MONROE
Music and Art, H. T. H. S., 1909—
Graduate Muskegon High School and
Thomas Normal Training School
Student Heron Art Institute 1907-'08

WALTER A. ZAUGG
B. Sc.. B. Ped., A. B., Valparaiso University 1908
Latin and German H. T. H. S.
1908—

CHAS. H. BARTS
B. Sc. Valparaiso University 1904
Science and History
Prin. H. T. H. S. 1907-'10
Prin. Bremen H. S. 1903-'04
Supt. Wheeler Schools 1904-'07

Class of Nineteen Hundred Ten

Class Mottoes

Vincet qui se vincet

Heute abend wir schlendern:
Wo werden wir ankern?

Class Flower

Sweet Pea

Class Colors

Lavender and Cream

To The Class of 1910

In poetry there lives a powerful king,
Whom some deny and some proclaim divine;
But while the factions trace the royal line
The ruler smites the heathen, establishing
Order, peace, and justice. His praises ring
Through castle halls where graved escutcheons shine.
Then weary, on a dismal day's decline
He passes whence a shout of welcoming.

We see a promise 'mid our world of facts,
And reach a hand to grasp the higher good,
Increase our knowledge, happiness and love.
Perchance the day is dark and evil acts
Of some destroy the throne where justice stood,
Yet faithful service the Master doth approve.

G. H. T.

Class Officers

Ellwyn Roper, President
George Tree, Vice President
George Tabbert, Secretary and Treasurer

BESSIE BANKS

Bessie owns a medal golden,
Her name appears on works of art:
This Aurora and editions olden
Attest her helpful, faithful heart.

GEORGE E. TABBERT

Here's George Tabbert, active, daring,
Orator, merchant, and buyer of stocks;
Career equipped with roller bearing,
Values character more than "rocks."

ELLWYN ROPER

Editor-in-Chief—and notice the reason,
Listen the sound of that violin,
Earnest work, from season to season,
Finished in three years—that's Ellwyn!

JOHN M. KILLIGREW

John Killigrew, the favorite actor,
The restless, red-headed clown of the class;
Law is sure to be a factor
In his fame and the fortune he will amass.

ETHEL M. CROCKETT

Ethel plays "Unfold Ye Portals,"
Has some forty marks to her credit,
Deserves to rank among the "immortals,"
For the question's settled if "Ethel said it."

WILLIAM TRAEGER

William is long and strong and ruddy,
Takes to Latin and the discus hurl;
Thinks Civics and English rather muddy,
Is abashed at the thought of a real girl.

MILDRED M. NEEF

Mildred has seen a 'mobile
from Gary,
And frequently hustles to
visit that town;
Speed of shorthand girls may
vary,
But she is sure to win renoun.

HENRY T. HARMS

Henry is handsome, tall and
stately,
Runs a farm and runs to
school;
An actor, orator, athlete, lately
He sticks to his task and
minds the rule.

EDNA C. SEYDEL

Edna Seydel, as becomes an
actress,
Has lately determined to
wear a red cross;
Though hearts be broken
she's a benefactress,
And the hospice gains the
stage's loss.

EDNA TRAEGER

There's shy and modest Edna Traeger,
Always wrestling with her books;
Since geometry has ceased to plague her,
She's not quite so shy as she looks.

ROYAL L. MORTON

Learned, gallant Royal Morton,
A man of "money and influence fame;
Rather accomplished in ways of courtin',
But science is his latest "flame."

LYDIA A. TRAEGER

Lydia enjoys her books and papers,
But then she enjoys the dances more,
There she can cut all sorts of capers
And get her lessons the same as before.

MARGARET BOLDT

Margaret studies grammar
and reading,
And expects to "teach the
young idea
How to shoot" the things
he's needing
To make a real panacea.

GEORGE J. TREE

First among athletic heroes
Place George Tree, the base
ball fan;
In his grades he has no zeroes,
A real "Indiana Man."

BETH SWANSON

Please accept these rhyming
numbers,
Orations take more ink and
breath,
Essays break my midnight
slumbers,
Poetry is best for Beth.

Trapeze Performer
Clairvoyant
Beauty Doctor
Domestic Science Teacher
Dancing Instructor
Artist's Model
Chief Justice of Supreme Court
Actor
Electrician
Nurse
Tourist's Guide
Housewife
Ambassador
Mildred Rees
Ethel Crocker
Latin Teacher
George Tabbert
Edna Traeger
Edna Seydel
George Free
William Traeger
Bessie Barnes
John Kittinger
Royal Morton
Lydia Traeger
Beth Swanson
Margaret Bolt
Henry Harms

A U R O R A

EDITORIAL STAFF

ELLWYN ROPER	*Editor in Chief*
GEORGE TABBERT	*Assistant Editor*
JOHN KILLIGREW	*Business Manager*
GEORGE TREE	*Athletic Editor*
BESSIE BANKS / *BETH SWANSON*	*Art Editors*
ROYAL MORTON	*Science Editor*
ETHEL CROCKETT	*Literary Editor*
EDNA SEYDEL	*Social Editor*

KUMMERLOS

ENCE, Detestable Physics,
Of Reason staid and dense Experiment born
In barren laboratories,
Midst hideous sounds and odious smells;
Find out some Junior's brain,
Where sweet Content sits enthroned
And there disturb her reign.
Haste thee now and take with thee,
Thy comrades, Latin, Dutch, Geometry.

But Hail, thou Goddess, fair and free,
Most desired, sweet Liberty,
With Friendship true among thy train
Of followers never known to gain
Admittance to those dreary cells
Where Studiousness is want to dwell.
And Fancy, too, in regal robes,
Spun of illusions and roseate dreams
With haunting melodies between.
Admit into thy crew today,
The class of "1910," we pray.
Then strolling arm in arm with thee,
We pay with joy the simple fee

Of a blithsome smile and a happy heart
Which you ask of all who take a part
In thy care-free jaunts o'er hill and dale,
Where the brooklet stops to tell his tale
Of love to the maiden fern so shy,
Who listens with joy and ecstasy
To her lover's oft vowed loyalty.
Here's where we love to linger and rest,
Telling secrets, our heart's best.
Or seek some shady, obscure nook,
Where over-hanging willows, shook
By passing breezes, stretch their hands,
Reaching downwards as if to catch
The laughing ripples as they pass.
Or some may seek resounding halls,
Where basket-ball the crowd enthralls,
Regardless of their gestures wild,
To which the orator's seem mild.
Against the high wire net we press,
And help our players, more or less,
By many a long and rousing shout
Not linked sweetness though long drawn out.
Then to the field of glories told,
Where "royal purple and old gold"
Banners fluttering in the breeze
Proclaim to all our loyalty.
At last, when Night ascends her throne,
And all the stars come trooping home
From frolics midst Elysian flowers,
Or sweet repose in hidden bowers,
Then come, thou fairy-winged Sleep
And dust our eye-lids while they lower
With pollen of the lotus flower.
And waft forgetfulness again
To each loved though naughty "10."

ELLWYN ROPER.

HOBART TOWNSHIP HIGH SCHOOL

WITH the preparation for the building of two new school houses in Hobart Township this summer, a synopsis of the history of our schools and especially the High School, will be of interest to the community. We find that in 1889 a two year course of study was maintained and in that year there was but one graduate. Then the course was increased to three years and in the spring of 1895 the entire number of graduates for the past seven years was twenty-three. During the next six years, ending 1901 there were twenty-seven graduates. From 1902 to 1905 inclusive, a period of four years, the number of graduates was thirty-five. For the five years just past, including the present class, the number is sixty-eight. In all this makes one hundred and fifty-three graduates; and since the High School was commissioned in 1898 to the present time the number is one hundred and twenty.

The commission has been renewed twice; the latest inspection was made in March, 1910, by W. E. Stone, President of Purdue University. At that time President Stone stated that the work was so far above the average that his visit was merely a matter of form and that he would recommend that the commission be immediately reissued in the name of the present superintendent, G. H. Thompson. This was done at the meeting of the State Board of Education, March 17, 1910.

The value of this commission is far reaching. Because of it our graduates are enabled to enter any of the higher institutions of learning in the state without further examination. This includes especially the State University at Bloomington, Purdue University at LaFayette, and the State Normal School at Terre Haute. Many of the graduates have taken advantage of this priviiege. Six have attended Purdue; three, the State University; two, DePauw; three, the State Normai; two, Northwestern; and several have done work in other institutions. With two exceptions this interest has been manifested within the last five years.

With the rapid growth of the schools the township system has become more and more unified. New buiidings and additional teachers are necessary. The plans for the coming year provide five teachers for the four upper grades below the High School, thereby giving both pupils and teachers the advantage of departmental work. Hobart Township now employs twenty-two teachers, ten of whom are in the grades in the town of Hobart.

The High School at present offers four years' work in English, four in Latin, four in German, two and one-half in History, three and one-half in Mathematics, three in Science, one in Phonography and Typewriting, one in Bookkeeping, two in Manual Training and Mechanical Drawing, four in Music and four in Art.

The new buiiding, for which the contract has just been let, is to contain an Assembly room 51x63, a Gymnasium 38x63, two laboratories, offices, a library, and four school rooms. This Gymnasium wiii be one of the finest in this part of the state. All of these rooms will be thoroughly equipped in the most modern manner. With the beginning of the next school year, September 1, 1910, Hobart Township will have an equipment both sanitary and efficient, to which our schooi officials have been looking forward and all our citizens are proud of the prospect.

The Growth of our Schools.

My present connection with this work is new, but I realize the importance of our educational system and hope my position shali he one of helpfulness.

Probahly there is nothing more appropriate for me to speak of than the growth of our schools. There are now about 675 pupils in the schools and the enumeration just finished shows an increase of 50 of school age in the township.

Experience has shown that it is better to hring the children together and make iarger, stronger schools than to have many schools and few pupils in each. So most of the smaller schools have heen discontinued, and the people whose children are thus transferred are pleased with the plan. The opinion is that the children are more interested and the work is hetter done.

Because of the rapid growth of our community, and the desire to make our schools as efficient as possible, new huildings are being erected. At present, I know, we are working under great disadvantage; hut next year I propose that this shall he changed. Each class throughout will have its separate room, and the teachers wili have rooms arranged for their special work.

Everything that the most skilled speciaiists can provide for comfort, health, and efficient training shall be piaced in our new high schooi huilding, and likewise in the other huildings. It is my determination to thoroughly equip our schools in all departments and place the requisite numher of competent teachers in charge.

From what our graduates have done and from what inspectors say of our schools I feel that we are in the front rank of schools of this kind; hut now I appeal to the faculty and pupils and especially the class of 1911 and their teachers, and I say that with our united effort our schools shall continue to advance.

LEWIS E. BARNES.

"Pause a Moment and Look Down."

LITERATURE

"Literature, you must not die,
You came to us so readily,
You stayed with us so steadily,
Literature, you shall not die."

ALL that most deeply concerns man, all that reaches most penetratingly to the roots of being, is recorded, so far as humanity has been able to give to it expression, in art. Of all art, literature is perhaps the most universally intelligible; or, if not that, it is at least the most positively intelligible."

Entering High School in 1906, we found that there were certain subjects in the high school course which were elective. We were given our choice of language, Latin or German, but Literature was not on the list of electives. Later we came to realize that Literature or English is a subject, which is indispensable to our future success.

In our first year we were delighted to find that our teacher was to be Mr. Thompson. During our first eight years in school we had always respected Mr. Thompson very highly, and now we were glad to get acquainted with him as a teacher. We went at our work with an active mind, an active heart and active hands. We studied our Rhetoric with great zeal, and read Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" and Scott's "Ivanhoe," with great pleasure. We began to acquire a taste for classical Literature and longed to read the works of other great writers.

In our Sophomore year our wishes were granted in more ways than one. One of our greatest surprises was to find that our English teacher was to be Miss Quinnell, who had been our Eighth grade teacher. We were all overjoyed, for our class thought she was just right and was glad to have her for our teacher again. We became very much interested and even excited, while reading Macbeth. In reading this drama, it gave us a lesson that we must be ambitious and energetic, but one must not have over-powering ambition. Then we became acquainted with Milton. When we were younger we had always thought of Milton's works as "dry," but now we learned to appreciate the beauties of his works. We never tired of reading and discussing his beautiful pictures, portrayed in his poems. Our year's success we shall attribute to Miss Quinnell. We certainly thank her for the kindness and patience which she had while teaching this michievous class. We will always hold a warm place in our hearts for her and remember her as our loving friend.

Yes, it was in our Sophmore year that Bessie Banks represented our class

H. T. H. S. CLASS PLAY – QUEEN ESTHER – MAY 21 – 1909
PHOTO BY HAASE

at Hammond in the Oratorical Contest. We were proud of our contestant, and her success has given great inspiration to other members of this class. We finished our year's work in good time and were well prepared to start our Junior English.

Our Junior year opened up with great prospects. We studied American Literature and read Shakespeare's "Henry VIII," and Hawthorne's "House of Seven Gables," and Dicken's "Tale of Two Cities." We were delighted with these books and were encouraged to read more classical works. This year we were again represented at Hammond at the Oratorical Contest by George Tabbert. This made us feel as though our class had great glories to achieve in the future and we must keep up our good record. We were proud of our contestant and we knew he was worthy of this honor. Mr. Thompson led us through a very pleasant year in English, and prepared us to enter the Senior year as strong English students.

In September, 1909, we entered Hobart High School for our final year. And it has been a great success. We feel like our work has not been a failure, but a good foundation for our future work. We took up English literature this year. We also read Tennyson's "Idylls of The King," Thackeray's "Henry Esmond," and Burke's "Conciliation with America." While studying this speech, our class seemed to feel at home, for we thought we were quite a noted class in oratory. We found it very interesting, for Mr. Thompson could help us reason it out so thoroughly. "The age of oratory has not passed; nor will it pass. The press, instead of displacing the orator, has given him a larger audience and enabled him to do a more extended work. As long as there are human rights to defend; as long as there are great interests to be guarded; as long as the welfare of nations is a matter for discussion, so long will public speaking have its place. While oratorical ability has, at times, manifested itself in several generations of one family," it can be said that oratorical ability has manifested itself in the "class of 1910."

"There are several definitions of eloquence. Webster has declared that it consists in the man, in the subject and the occasion. Without the man, the subject and the occasion are valueless; and it is also true that without a great subject and proper occasion, a man speaks without effect. The speaker, moreover, is eloquent in proportion, as he knows what he is talking about and means what he says. In other words, knowledge and earnestness are two of the most important requisites of successful speaking." Both of these have been manifested in the orations given by the members of the class of 1910.

During this year we organized a Literary Society, with John Killigrew as president, Edna Seydel secretary, George Tabbert vice-president. This society gave several programs, consisting of music and recitations. But the things of most interest were the debates. All those who heard them must acknowledge

that they were worthy of praise. This year the oratorical honors were carried off by the Juniors. The Juniors have a right to be proud of their contestant, Carl Lennertz, for the whole High School thinks him worthy.

Another important feature this year was the High School play, "An Indiana Man." The play was repeated and was well attended. It proved to be a great success.

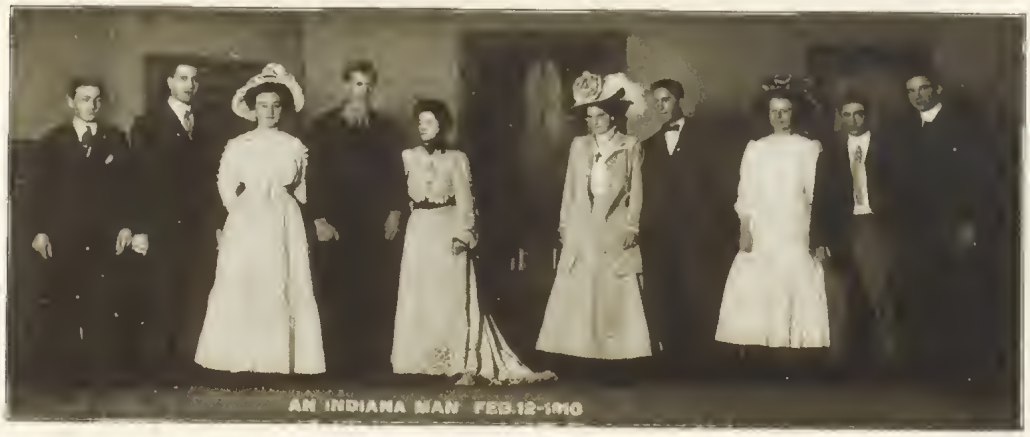
But now it is time for us to leave. We can take Literature in H. T. H. S. no more, for we must now be separated and each look forward to his future success. For success it must be and success it will be. Look at our mottoes: "Vincit, quie se vincit" (He conquers who conquers himself), and we are able to conquer. "Heute abend, wir schleudern, wo werden wir anchoren?" (To-night we launch, where shall we anchor?) It will be with each one of the class having gained a victory.

We will not forget H. T. H. S. We will not forget our teachers. We have expressed our gratitude to Miss Quinnell for her kindness, and now we thank Mr. Thompson for his three years of patient labor with us. He has borne with all our mischief, and now we certainly thank him and appreciate all he has done for us.

Now the Seniors of the class of 1910, looking into the distance for great labor, are ready to say farewell to Hobart High School. We wish to thank our teachers and will always think of them as friends, working for our welfare. We will hold loving memories of the H. T. H. S. for all years to come.

"Blessings be with them and eternal praise
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares,
The poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight, by heavenly lays."

ETHEL CROCKETT.



CLASS PROPHECY

SHOULD you ask me whence this knowledge,
Whence this brief but startling knowledge,
Of the future of my classmates,
Of the high and mighty Seniors,
I should answer, I should tell you,
I repeat it as I heard it
From the lips of the wise Parcae,
They who rule the lives of mankind,
They who destine fates of mankind;
They have told me of my classmates,
Of the high and mighty Seniors:
One amidst the storm of battle,
Midst the roar and din of cannon,
Shall go and nurse the sick man
Raving with the fitful fever,
With the hot and raging fever;
She shall smooth the soldier's pillow,
Bring him cool and sparkling water.
They shall call her the good angel,
Bless her with their grateful glances.
One shall guide the lady tourists,
Guide the young and pretty maidens,
Thru the rough, wild "Rocky Mountains,"
Help them over rushing brooklets,
Hold aside the low pine branches,
Lest they catch the golden tresses,
Of the young and pretty maidens.
One shall go into the dark land,
Africa, the great and unknown;
She shall teach the heathens Latin,
From the morn until the sunset.
One shall go to foreign countries,
Smoke the peacepipe with the chieftains,

With the kings and queens of nations.
They shall honor and respect us,
Thru the one who represents us.
One shall reign in the dominion
Of a bright and happy household,
There she shall be loved and honored,
In her realm of gay domestics.
In the mighty courts of justice,
Ten years hence you'll find one member
Judging men by laws of mercy,
Speaking to them words of wisdom.
One shall play Macbeth and Hamlet,
Play the roles in greatest dramas,
Play upon the world's great stages.
To one her face shall be her fortune,
She shall pose for famous artists,
Pose with eyes upturned to heaven,
Or cast down with bashful glances.
One shall be dancing instructor,
In the world-famed city, Ainsworth.
She shall teach the light fantastic,
The barn dance and dreamy waltzes,
Teach the country swains to two-step.
Skimming 'neath the tent's white canvas,
Like the swallow in her movements.
One shall hold the vast crowds speechless
With her daring of performing,
On the swinging, swaying trapeze.
One shall be a beauty doctor,
Known for his great aids to beauty,
His cold creams and his massages.
And the women will flock to him,
His fame shall be universal.
In a great university,
One shall teach Domestic Science,
And her culinary talent

Shall win her a Professor,
A Professor, grave and learned.
Thus henceforward she is best known
As the authoress of the volume,
"How to win a loving husband
Thru the simple art of cooking."
One shall be a clairvoyant,
In thoughts among the stars she wanders,
Reading fortunes for her classmates,
And her own which soon will tell her,
That she shall reside in Fort Wayne.
Just one more distinguished member,
In my brilliant group of classmates,
And I waited with impatience
For the Parcae's next decision.
"He shall be a great electrician,
Be a master of mechanics,
Throughout all civilized nations,
Honor and respect be due him.
They shall stand in awe and wonder,
As he controls mighty forces,
And invents new uses for them."
Then I said unto the Parcae,
"Tell me now, oh, great and wise ones.
Tell me now of my own future."
But they answered sadly, sadly,
"Listen, high and mighty Senior,
Thou hast been by far too curious,
Asked the fates of all your classmates,
Of all the "1910" Seniors;
Now your own shall remain unknown,
As a lesson that hereafter
Never tempt the Fates to tell you
Of things veiled by the future."
Thus our interview was ended,
Thus I sadly then departed.

ELLWYN ROPER.

MONEY OR MEN

THE foundation of civil security, the progress of nations, depends upon the character of the individual citizens. It is true character and not money that makes the man, that gains for him the respect of the people. The men who have possessed true, stern characters have made the American nation supreme. But how often we find others with no other object in life than the mere making of money, trampling men down in order to upbuild their own fortunes. Every combination that is organized for the purpose of monopolizing any of the necessitates of life is a crime against humanity and will soon be so recognized.

Back in the Roman age there was a time when the people were helpless to resist the extravagance of the aristocrats. Italy was in the hands of the over-rich. Provinces were plundered and the ill-gotten wealth squandered. The votes of senators, the decision of judges were sold as merchandise. Our country today is in a similar state and yet we boast a civilized and educated people. The question which confronts us is whether these men shall continue to oppress their fellow men and the trusts continue to rob the people of their needs. A guilty conscience ought to affect their continuance, but lo! the greed for wealth is so great that they cannot perceive the terrible injustice they are doing.

Looking out on life, a young man has these surroundings. He begins to wonder if success can really be attained without brutal indifference to the welfare of other human beings. He beholds the Sons of Labor and realizes that

"It is their care in all the ages
  To take the buffet and cushion the shock;
It is their care that the gear engages;
  It is their care that the switches lock;
It is their care that the wheels run truly;
  It is their care to embark and entrain,
Tally, transport, and deliver duly
  The Lords of Wealth by land and main."

This is work worth while. This is success. Success varies with men. But certainly no success is worthy that is attained at the expense of another man's happiness. He may review the life of Napoleon, who marched to glory over the dead bodies of those who served him. In boyhood poor! In manhood an

emperor with an unlimited ambition and dreams of conquest! But looking forth over an unsympathetic sea from his prison island of St. Helena, he surely saw that instead of the greatest success he was the most gigantic failure in all history.

In America we have been fortunate in the character of our men in history. Washington, whose statesmanship, courage and patience enabled the colonists to cast off the rule of a king, had no ambition only to serve his fellow countrymen. Through the war in his time, he was conspired against by men who wished to rise above him. But the band of patriots were united to fight for freedom and there was little chance for selfishness. Had he the ambition of Napoleon, he might have accepted the crown that was within his reach when the war was concluded. Lincoln's life reveals to us the same character, a desire to help his people.

We are proud we have men who possess the same ideas, but think of the many others who would accept a Napoleon's crown. Think of the many who live the life of corruption, the promotors of slave traffic and those who falsely possess our natural resources and the people's needs through the power of money. Is not this a moral wrong?

It has been over half a century since slavery hung over our land. We have other forms of slavery today. In the fever-ridden swamps of Mississippi, in the mining towns of Pennsylvania, are those who work in misery and filth. Many die or are killed and maimed by unprotected machinery and a money influence and dependent judiciary refuse relief. In the cotton mills infant life is tortured, bought and sold. Over human life and happiness triumphs the power of money. This is the question that faces our republic.

Boasting as we may that we are a nation of kings, that all men are born free and equal, yet there is no doubt the average citizen has a deep and abiding reverence for the man who has the most money. A reverence for the man who has a greater intellect or a better character would be more justifiable. Even in the courts there is far more respect paid to a monied man than to his associates. He is better fed and better taken care of than any of the others. And, again, should a judge in court representing the whole American people, show more deference to the wealthy criminal than to our ordinary burglar? And yet the power of money seems to play such an important part. Why should the Guggenheims, or the Cunninghams, men who are robbing the people of their rights, be allowed to continue? Such things shall not continue. Our country shall not fall as those that fell in the days of old.

This great problem of the ill-use of money faces the young man of today. Wake up! It is he that must find its solution. He himself might long for wealth and riches. Let him not take an example from Napoleon in Euro-

pean affairs. Study the lives of Lincoln and Washington who died as they lived, friends to all humanity, and who rightly believed that it was a higher and more important duty to serve their fellow men than to serve themselves; to establish a true and honest character and go forth to face and conquer the problems that will help mankind. We have Lincolns and Washingtons today in our Roosevelt, Hughes, Folk and Linsley, whose abilities and characters will long be emulated. These are the men of our best ideals. They do noble things, not merely dreaming all day long.

"They do not preach that their God will rouse them
A little before the nuts work loose;
They do not teach that His pity allows them
To leave their work whenever they choose.
As in the thronged and lightened ways,
So in the dark and the desert they stand,
Wary and watchful all their days,
That their brethren's days may be long in the land."

GEORGE TABBERT.

Heard melodies are sweet but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore ye soft pipes play on,
Not to the sensual ear, but more endeared,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.

"Rich, though poor,
My low-roofed cottage is this hour a heaven;
Music is in it."

THERE is, indeed, that in noble music, which makes the cottage seem a heaven, which rebukes frivolity into silence, subdues ignoble passions, soothes the heart's sorrow and summons to the soul high and holy thoughts.

Every member of the Hobart High School is urged to take advantage of the instruction offered in its course in music. It is the opinion of to-day that, although everyone has not exceptional musical ability, one will be able to get more out of life if he has been trained to appreciate and understand when he hears it, even if he is not capable of rendering the same.

Who is there that is not moved by music? The babe will cease its crying at the sound of the mother's voice crooning the soft lullaby; the weary and foot-sore soldier on the long march hears with joy and quickened pace the roll of the drum, beat by the little drumer boy! the pain of the one in deepest despair and grief, is lessened by the soothing strains of music; and to the

happy one, it will increase his joy. The power of taming the savage beast has even been attributed to music.

At the beginning of the fall term, our chorus was reorganized with Miss Mabel C. Monroe as instructress. In order that the students might become more at home when appearing in public, a Literary Society was formed, and although this was chiefly for oratory and debate, since "lightlier move the minutes fledged with music," each program contained several musical numbers.

The first appearance of any of the members of the chorus in public, was on Oct. 31, at the evening session of the Lake County Teachers' Association, held at Hammond. On this occasion, the Junior and Senior octette sang two numbers, "Wiegenlied" and "Who Killed Cock Robin." These were well received and more called for but as the octette was newly organized, they were not able to respond.

On Nov. 24, our annual holiday recital for the public was rendered by the entire chorus in the assembly room. By the large attendance at our recitals, we are shown that the people of the community appreciate the high standard of our music. The newly organized High School Orchestra made its first appearance before the public at this time and were encouraged by all present to continue their efforts. Throughout the term they appeared at several of the High School doings.

The next appearance of the chorus was in response to the annual invitation tendered us by the Farmers' Institute. At this time the trio-girls also sang several of their favorite selections, which met with the usual enthusiasm, for the trio-girls are always given a warm welcome whenever they appear. At the High School play, they gave, as their final encore, a very original and appropriate parody on the "Nursery Rhymes," which was composed by Miss Isa Bullock, '11, one of the trio-girls.

Our local Oratorical Contest was held on March 24, and on this occasion we sang the two choruses which we afterwards sang at Hammond in the Lake County Contest. These were "Unfold Ye Portals," from the "Redemption," by Gounod and "Gipsy Life," by Schumann.

At the Lake County Contest, held at Hammond on the night of April 15, we, as a High School Chorus, made our last appearance. Although we had worked hard in the previous two years and felt that we merited some reward, we were disappointed. This disappointment had dampened our enthusiasm somewhat but not our determination to do our best, for we felt that although we had not received the banner, the other contesting schools recognized the standard of our music. We were the last chorus on the program, and after hearing the other choruses sing, we gained confidence in our ability. And we must have sung well, for we won two 100's—a mark which no other school

received. But, alas, the markings showed great variation! One judge saw fit to mark us fifth and thus spoil our chance for the banner.

But the Hobart Chorus has always had the reputation of being courteous toward their fellow competitors, no matter what the decision of the judges.

The "1910" Seniors have appeared for the last time as members of the Hobart Chorus, but our interest still remains with those who fill our places. We wish them the best of success in their work and hope to see the day in the near future when they will carry home the long-wished-for banner.

Throughout the year, in connection with the chorus work, we studied the lives and works of the composers. Essays were also written on Schumann, Grieg and Gounod.

To Miss Ethel Crockett, we offer our sincere thanks for her faithfulness as our accompanist. Never impatient, she was always at her post. Certainly in future years, one of the most vivid pictures of our High School days will be Ethel seated at the piano, patiently waiting for the basses to get down to business.

The credit for all success we may have achieved is due Miss Monroe as she has been our only instructor. We wish to express our gratitude for the many hours she has spent with us, both in and out of school time, endeavoring to help us.

And now the Seniors are looking forward to their Class Day when they will bid farewell to the teachers and school in the words of their class song.

ELLWYN ROPER.

Uncle Silas at the Track Meet

HELLO thar Hiram! Haow be yew tew day? Wot em I dressed up fer? Naow thet is a grait queschun fer yew tew axe. Why Ive bin daown tew taown tew day an say Hiram yew shood hev bin along. Why I hed the all firedest time yew iver saw. War wuz I? Wal Hiram seeing ez yewr so presumpshus an inquirin I don mind tellin yew thet I bin tew a trak meet. Wot! Yew don no wot a trak meet is. Wal I em seeprised. Naow Hiram yew sit rite daon heer on this ole eraker box an I'll tell yew wot a trak meet be like. By Joks! thim ari fine things. Why they dew hev a caonty fair beet abaot a sity blok an thet air goin sum.

Wal ez I wuz sayin, seein ez I'm gittin old perty fast an wont last mueh lawnger I thawt I wood lay awf frum plaowin tew day an go tew taon an see my bye Jake an his fambly. Wal Sir I went an Jake he met me et the train with his autymobeel. Wal naow! I didnt like the looks o' thet air contrepshin a leetl bit, but I wuznt a goin tew sho the wite fither no haow so I clum in, eeven if shee did smel o binzeen so much ez tew almos thraow up my heels I wuz so sik.

Wal efter abaot the fastest hair raisin bronco ride yew iver saw we got tew Jake's haouse an By Joks! yew orter seen me slip and slid ontew them air sliekery flawrs thim sity foks dew hev. Wal arter awl the han shakin over we awl go in tew dinner, an et wuz et dinner whar I furs hears o' thet trak meet. Jakes oldest bye Frankie wuz er tellin hiz paw erbaot the trak meet the Hie Seewl wuz a goin tew hev thet arter newn. An wen he got dun tellin wot et wuz tew me, fer I'm uv an inquirin naeher eny haow, I hed my mind sot awn taikin in thet erfair. An wen I wunss gits my mind sot on doin a thing nuthin kin stop me nuther.

So efter dinner Jake's bye Frankie taiks mee in hand an we stairt awf fer the trak meet. Wal we gos doan taown tew kech a buss fer the rais trak whar thai wuz a goin tew pull thet affair awf an wile we wuz standin awn the corner waitin fer the buss, I seen a bunch o yung byes cum traipsin alawng wi thar pants roled perty nie up tew thair nees an thai hed sum soks awn thet mie bool wood hev chaist a mile. Thai awl hed sum purpl flags with yaller letters on em wot sez Hobart Hie Scewl. Then sum leetl feller stairts tew yell, RA! RA! RA! HOBERT! an then thai awl stairts tew waiv thim yaller flags an by Joks it maid me feel fine an it maiks me think o the times we yoost tew hev et Sprasstaown wen we awl yoost tew turn aot on the Faorth O July an eet paop caorn an drink red lemonaid.

Wal perty sewn thet buss cum and we awl piled in an went aout tew the raiss trak, an aout thair wee seen sum mawr byes with yaller an perpl flags. An the Hie Seewl gurls whar thair tew Hiram, an By! Joks! I niver seen a bunch o pertyer gurls afowr in awl my born dais. Wy Hiram! thai wood hev took the furst prize et a eaounty fair, an thets no lie nuther.

Wal I stairted tew gaiz araoun an I swan! wot dew yew spos I saw? Wal, sir, awn the tuther side o thet trak thar wuz sum yung bye runnin araoun like he wuz craizi an thar wuz sum wun els with him too hed a blanket, ez if he wuz a holdin it fer thet uther bye, an I jumps up an yells, "Thet's rite, yung man, thraow thet blanket on him," fer thet bye wuz a runnin araoun looss an he wuznt heff dressed. No, Siree! Awl he hed awn wuz a leetl pair o' short wite pants and a leetl blew shurt. I turns tew Frank an I sez, sez I, "Hoo is thet mainiak araoun thar heff dressed?" "Wy," sez Frank, don yew no hoo thet iz? Thet iz Waulus Wotson, the best sprintur in the caounty. Wots he doin? Wy hes jist practisin fer the raisses, hes jist kind o limberin up." "Naow," I sez tew Frank, "Wen I wuz a bye if we wonted tew limber up we hed tew go tew the wood pile an we got awl we needed, an if we didnt get bisy enuf et thet wood pile aor dad wood cum aout with a big hikery club an we wood git sum mawr limberin up. If eny uf us byes hed went runnin a raoun like thet thai wood hev up an poot uss in a craizy hoaouse."

An if I wood o hed my wai thet bye wood hev bin loked up rite then an thar. The idee uf thet feller hevin the nurv tew cum aout in frunt o good respeeable peepl with thet kind of a rig awn. Wen I think of it naow it jest maiks my blood byle. But by! Jocks! thim peepl seemd tew like it, fer ivery time thet mainiak run a few steps thai wood up an eheer like the vairy dewss. I didnt see no senss tew thet nuther an I wuz a wishin I hed my cuarter bak. An then tew top the hol afair awf, heer cum a hul buneh of byes runnin aout uv a tent thai hed thar. An thai awl hed awn then seairss elose, tew. Thar wuz big fellers, leetl fellers, fat fellers, an skinny fellers, an thai did shoek me a hull lot. But thim peepl stairted tew cheer sum mawr. Seems tew me thai wuznt vairy modest et awl.

Wal thai all hopped araoun a leetl bit wen all tew wunse sum man in respecabl close hollerd "all aout fer the hundrid yaird dash" an then a hole bunch o thin clad boys gos traipsin daown the raise trak an thet leetl feller he gos rite along an he wuznt afraid o them big boys et all. Thai wawkt daoun thet trak fer abaout twenty raods I shud jege, wen all tew wuns thai all stopt an gethered in a bunch an I thawt thair wuz a goin to be a scrap shure, so I stairts tew beet it daoun the trak as fast es I cood run, fer I wuznt a goin tew stan by an see thet leetl feller git beet up by the rest of thet bunch o thugs. But jist then sum budy yeld "git awf the trak yew igit" an sum feller, I shood jege he wuz abaout aight feet hie grabd hole o me an I went

off thet trak a hole lot fasturn I eun awu, an I filt perty mad abaout it tew, an thet man kin thank his luky stars he wuz so big, er I wood o went in aud wiped up the graound with him.

Perty sewn I looks up the trak agin an thair wuz them boys digin leetl hols in the graound with sum stiks wut thai had, an et furst I thawt mebe thai wuz pokin araoun fer snakes er gofers. But perty sown thai all put thair feet in thim leetl hols an then thai wood giv a leetl hop au be awai quikern yew eood sai seat. Et furst I eoodnt maik aout wut thim hols wuz fur but Frank sez thai wuz so the boys eood git a good stairt fer the raiss. So thet wuz wut all thet grait fiddlin wuz fer, thai wuz a goin tew pull awf a raiss. Win I faoun thet aout I begun tew sit up an taik notis fer I alwas did like raissin of eny kin. Thin the big feller thet throo me offin the trak cums alawng an gos up tew wair the boys hed dug thim hols, an he sez tew thim boys "Git awn yewr marks," an then wot dew yew spose he did? The laow daoun cawered wauks tew wair the boys hed dug thim hols behine thet bunch o boys an pulls a gun, yessiree a real shootin iron outin his poket.

My but I was seairt fer thim boys, an thai didnt no a thing abaout it seein ez thai wuz lookin rite strait daoun the trak. Naow Hiram if I hed a bin wun o them boys an he hed pooled a gun on me like thet I wood hev wauked up tew him an hit him on the jaw so haird he woodnt hav non war he wuz et. Jist ez I wuz a goin tew step in an maik a fracas I sees he wusnt a goin tew shoot them boys et all, fer he had thet gun poyuted up in the air, an I thawt thet he wuz jist a testin thim tew see if thia wuz gun shy. An sai thet Wotsun wuz sertinly gun shy, fer et about the saim time ez thet man pulled the trigger thet boy jumped aout o thim holes o hisn quikern yew eood sai seat, an he stairts tew run like the vairy blaizes; I wuz jist a goin ter holer "fer shame" at him wen I reealees it wuz a rais an thet the gun wuz tew stairt thim awf so then I stairts tew taik notiss.

Say! Hiram yew shood hev seen thet yunker run. By Gee it sertnly wuz a site fer sawr eys. He led the rest o thet bunch abaout ten yairds, an haow he did cum. I stairts tew waiv my arms an yells et the top o my voyss, "Cum on yew lettle brat cum on," an awl the wile he wuz eouin an cumin like blaizes tew. Them other fellers wuz a tryin thair hairdest tew keeh him but thai didnt hev no sho et all. The hairder thim boys wood try tew keeh him the faster he wood go, til et last I'll bait he wuz a goin a mile a minet.

I wuz rite neer the finish line an he went by mee like a streek o greest litnin tew whar sum men wuz holdin a peess o' string across the trak. An et the rait thet boy wer a goin thai didnt hev no ehanss tew staop him with thet peese o twine ez thin as thet wuz. Why if thet hed a bin me Hiram I wood hev strecht a lowg chain across if I wuz a goin tew try tew staop him,

an by Joeks! es fast es he wuz a goin I'll bait a good haus he wood hev a busted thet.

Wal he jis rammed intew thet air string jist as if he were a goin tew eat her up. Then som feller thros a blangket on him an then every budy cheerd an then thai turns araound tew woch thim air uther boys thet hed bin racin with him cum in an then thai threw blangkets on thim tew tho I didnt see no sense in thet nuther. Then sum feller cums up with a big tin haorn an hollers "Wotsun wins the hundrid yaird dash, time, ten and tew fifhs secons." An every body cheers sum more an I cheerd tew.

Wall, sir, Hiram, arter I gits home I takes a pensil an paiper an figers it aont thet thet boy hed bin a goin et the rait of abaout ten yairds a seeon an I thawt thet wuz sertainly a goin sum.

But thar wuz sum mawr seeprises fer me yit afore the dai wuz dun. I wuz a waukin araoun seein every thing I cood, fer I wanted tew syurely git my munys worth, wen all tew wuns I heerd sum feller yell, "All aout fer the pole vawlt." Naow I wundered wut a pole vawlt wuz, fer I hed seen stone vawlts an brik vawlts an the iren vawlts wot thai dew hev in the banks over et aour caonty seet, but I ner seen no pole vawlts. Naow lissen an I'll tell yew wot thai be. Thai took a lettle stiek abaout an ineh throo an put it abaout six er ait feet up in the air I shood jege on the top of tew bigger stiks, an the pesky thing wood kep a fawlin awf all the time eaus it wuz so windy.

But et last the tew men thet wer fixin it up got her tew stai gewd enuf tew sewt, an heer cums the funy pairt o it. All tew wunss wun o thim boys piks up a long pole, it lookd tew me like a big speer, fer it hed a iren pint on wun end o it and he grabs hold o thet air thing an stairts tew run rite fer thim men how hed fixed up thet leetle stik. My! but I was seat; thet feller hed gawn craisy and wuz a goin tew kill them tew men with thet speer o his'n. I stairted tew run but nobudy els did; ner did them tew men fer thai jist stood thar and didn't seem tew mind it at all thet that maniac wuz a goin tew kill them. Wal; seein nobudy didn't seem tew mind him I cum bak tew see the slawter. Wen I jist abont maid up my mind thet them tew men wuz jist abaout dun fer, thet yung feller givs thet speer a jab in the graound an he gaiv wun big jump an by the grait horn spewn if he didnt hop eleen over thet stik awai up thar in the air, an eome daown agin ontuther side. An graeious how them people did yel, an I yeld tew fer I wuz glad thet the yung boy changed his mind an jabbed thet speer in tew the graound insted o strikin into them tew men.

Wal som more boys thai cum an went throo the saim performinss an perty sewn I cawt on thet them boys wuznt a tryin tew stab them tew men at all but wer jist usin thee speer tew help them jump over that stik awai up

thar so hie. Wal thet maid me feel a grait deel better, seein ez how nobody wuz agoin tew git killd so I staid araoun wochin them boys jump with thet speer; but evry time them boys went over withaout kikin thet thing awf them tew men wood rais it all the hier. Now thet maid me mad an I wuz wishin the boy hed speerd em arter all, fer thet wuznt fair. Them boys tryn so haird tew git ovr an them tew fellers raisin it hier so thet thai wood miss, no siree thet didnt look fair tew me; but then maibe I didnt no the rools very well, I dunno.

Arter I hed seen awl the byes run sum mawr raisses, an dew sum mawr jumpin, an seen the byes a throin the iren bawls araond ansum leetl thing wot lookt like a euple o saussers put tew gether: an sai, thar wuz a bye thair thet eood thraow thet thing like every thing, his naim wuz Bush, no twuz Tree, an I bait he threw thet thing abaout a mile, mawr or less. He shoor wuz a kraker jak. Wal thai pooled awf sum mawr stunts, but twuz gettin perty dairk, an I thawt ef I didnt get tew hum sewn Mirandy wood be worried, an I don see no senss tew thet nuther; but I awlwuz sed wimmin wuz peeyular.

So I took Frank an the both of uss lef thet meet behine, awltho Frank did kik like everything. But the nex time thai hev wun o thim trek meets I'll be thar with bells awn; fer thai wer shoor exitin, even if thim byes did shok me a leetl et first with thim searss elose o'thairn.

JOHN KILLIGREW.

The Aurora:

Few civilians recognize the fact that the navy is a school and that a school spirit prevails which is equal to that of most schools and colleges.

Nine hundred men brought in close proximity by a life more or less excluded, become a unit, with one object—to make the ship the best in her class.

Competition between ships runs high, from target practise to coaling. Men realize what the daily lessons mean when attached to the guns which yearly break the world's records in target practise, but the desire to make their ship best steadies the hands which keep the gun on the mark and enables men to lift three hundred pound shells as if they were toys. Solid muscle would never give men the strength to put on seemingly impossible amounts of coal if the school spirit were lacking. Athletics are seldom more keenly competed in, and old men and boys unable to take an active part, stand by and root for the ship whose name they wear on their caps and wear proudly.

School spirit aboard ship; absence of individualism and the cooperation of the men to better the proficiency of their ship render our navy not the largest but the best navy in the world.

GILBERT BULLOCK,

U. S. S. Louisiana.

Anaconda, Montana.

Dear Classmates and Fellow Alumni:

I view with pleasure this opportunity of communicating with you through the medium of the "Aurora." I earnestly hope the class of '01 will do its share and contribute to this publication whenever called upon to do so, for this undertaking of our successors is,

I believe, very worthy of our support and co-operation. I trust it will be a permanent feature of the work of every succeeding class of Hobart Township High School.

As for me, my commencement dates nine years ago and for the past nine years I have beheld aghast the shrinking of my cranium from its seemingly enlarged condition on commencement morning due to the cramming administered by the dear Professors Thompson, Hardesty and Curtis. It seems the term "commencement" has fitly applied to me. The more of life I see the less I know. I feel that I am only now getting started.

I am at the present time employed in the Engineering Department of The Anaconda Copper Mining Company at their smelter located here, which boasts of being the largest copper smelter in the world. This city has a population of twelve thousand, and is situated in the highest extremity of a mountain valley in the Northern Rockies, at an elevation of fifty-four hundred feet above sea level. And so in facing blizzards and climbing mountains my life is adventurous enough. The sulphurous fumes from the blast furnaces often transport me in my memory to the chemical laboratory at Hobart where Professor Curtis tried to instill within our thick skulls that "'ic' acids make 'ate' salts." In my office work I am constantly reminded of the theorem: "A straight line is the shortest distance between two points," which our patient Professor Thompson tried to point out to us, and which was further evidenced in point in that old brown-covered book. Such were our troubles then, but most of us have found that our real troubles in the course of life begin on our commencement day, although our classes in Geometry meet no more.

How I came to go west is hard to tell, but lest there be any reports to the contrary, my reasons were purely of a business nature and not the kind which prompted one of our fair Alumni in this direction in a quest which resulted so successfully. From last reports I hear they are living happily. I would say to those members of the Alumni who feel that they cannot, singly, render any service to humanity, "Go west."

In closing I express the hope of seeing most of you at some future Alumni gathering, when I, for one, would like to meet the representatives of service. With wishes of long life to our Alma Mater and a rendition of thanks on my part, to our worthy teachers for their patience and kindness in their work with us, I remain,

Sincerely,
JOSEPH B. JOHNSON.

To the Aurora:

For the Alumni to feel that they are not forgotten is one thing, but for the active members of the High School to give the "has beens" a chance to be heard again is another, and one that they appreciate. Those who have graduated always look back to their High School with a great deal of interest. They feel well pleased with its progress, rejoice in its victories, and, although, perhaps not so vitally interested in the meets and contests, they like to see its reputation maintained and its standard remain unlowered.

A good many of the alumni have gone on in their pursuit of knowledge. It is not of these that I wish to talk, but to those who have not done so, and especially to the graduates of this year and next.

The University is the next logical place of learning. The High School prepares you for that and if you do your work in a satisfactory manner you will have no trouble later on. But don't be misled. I remember I was told, just before entering college, that "It was no trick to pass—everybody did." Well, that may have been true half a dozen years ago, but the Universities have been advancing along with most every thing else and today it is a different story. Just last spring, there was a class of embryo lawyers eighty

strong, that, I think, worked along the old line. After the final exam., it was found that one-third of the class "flunked" outright, one-third were conditioned and the remainder passed. It is only fair to add though, that this was one of the hardest courses in the Law School.

The examiuations used to be only one hour long and came usually at the last meeting of the class. During 1908 this system was changed, so we now have the last week of the term devoted to "exams" exclusively, they being three hours long and in supposition cover the whole work gone over during the term. And by the way, there is a strict watch kept to see that no "ponies are ridden," the consequences are very serious to those who are caught. In some departments, the honor system is in vogue and the students deal with the cheater in person, but he is quite rare.

I don't care particularly to advertise Indiana University, but it is a fair example of the rest. We have some two thousand students, and the advantage of making friends and acquaintances among these, is no small item. All phases of college life are present—the athletic in all its branches, the social, the religious, and the intellectual; perhaps of most interest to some in the order named, but not so to all. The rivalry between classes is keen, yet good-natured, and continues from the Freshman "scrap" till graduation, and is one of the fruitful sources of the old I. U. spirit.

In every manner the University opens the doors and smooths the way. There is no tuition at I. U.; it has employment bureaus for those who need work, organizations of all kinds exist to further the various interests. You can become a lawyer, physician, journalist, chemist—in fact almost anything except a civil or electrical engineer and their kindred. There are diversions of all kinds for the students after their work is over, socials, dances, entertainments, tennis, driving, et cetera.

I could go on for pages in enumerating the various facts about the different things I have spoken of, but the space is limited and the best and most satisfactory way is for all of you who possibly can, to enter "Indiana" or some equally good institution. I assure you, words illy describe the advantages and benefits derived.

CECIL R. PETERSON,
H. T. H. S. '07,
Indiana '11.

New York City, New York,
March 15, 1910.

To the Hobart Township High School and especially the graduating class of 1910:

At the request of my sister Edna, I am glad to add some material from an alumnus for your annual.

There have been many changes in the school's affairs since the graduation of my class in 1892; principally the larger school, the additions to the studies covered in the present courses, the more attention to thoroughness and detail in the entire High School work, and particularly the very vast improvement for the comfort and encouragement of those students whose homes are distant from the school itself.

During my attendance, I covered the distance from my home at East Gary each day with my own horse and cart and when the roads were very bad, which condition existed quite frequently then, especially during the late winter and early spring months, on horseback or on foot across lots. During the cold winter months all of these were accompanied with much uncomfortableness and often intense pain.

At present your Township officials provide a pleasant and comfortable omnibus

which makes the trip regularly and without expense to the student and in which protection is had from the cold, wind, rain, etc. This encourages a larger and more regular attendance and much appreciation is due your Township officials for its maintainance.

Since leaving the school, I have been engaged in financial work in our two largest cities; first upon the Chicago Stock Exchange and for several years past in Wall street. For the benefit of some of the present graduating class who may be contemplating becoming a part of a large city's population, I wish to say that, in my opinion the tendency of the past of deserting the farm and smaller towns for the larger cities is gradually reversing itself and that the tendency of the future is decidedly in the opposite direction; namely, of leaving the larger cities for the farms and smaller towns.

I remember how anxious I was to complete my school work; being anxious to get to the larger city, also feeling that there the greater opportunities were offered.

While much can be said in favor of the advantages thus to be had in the larger cities, I now feel quite certain that by far the greater advantages, comforts, etc., are available in the country and the smaller towns and am at present anxiously preparing a home in the country for myself and family and will soon leave city life behind. I also feel that in the country can only be had the natural and wholesome home life and comforts, and the proper surroundings for the proper mental and physical development and health of the children.

With this in view, I am at present attending a course of practical lectures at Columbia on Economic Agriculture, and will take the regular agriculture course at Cornell University later.

I join in very best wishes for much prosperity and success to you all.

Very sincerely,
L. VICTOR SEYDEL.

To the Editors of the 1910 Aurora:

The very fact that the members of the Hobart High School are able to publish an annual year book is but one proof of your progress, and we, alumni of several years, begin already to feel as strangers.

At present, I am attending DePauw University at Greencastle, Indiana. It is now that I realize how much our High School means to me and its high standard and how efficient are our professors. This is shown each year by the deficient entrance requirements of many students who come from other High Schools all over the State.

There is one plea that I would like to make, and that is that more of our graduates continue their education in higher institutions of learning. In this day and age we feel more and more the need of college preparation for our life's work.

Now, to the class of "1910," let me say: I shall be glad to welcome any of your members to De Pauw next year—the school which I am proud of claiming and which our senior senator, Mr. Beveridge—one of our noted alumni—says is one of the best undergraduate schools in the West.

Wishing you all success for your book, I am loyally,

EUNICE ROPER, H. T. H. S., '07
D. P. U. '11

MELODY

THE dreamy stillness of twilight brooded over shore and lake; the shadows of the forest were darkening and the outline of the opposite shore was growing dim. The air was soft and balmy, moistened with the hint of falling dew. There was a lull in the activities of our camp—later there might be camp fires and rollicking college songs—but now there was quiet. We were lounging in front of our tents, fully enjoying the refreshing coolness of the evening which is so welcome at the close of a hot, sultry day.

The attention of our party seemed to be centered upon an approaching figure, trudging wearily along the dusty highway around the bend in the lake. He came onward with lowered head, but perceiving our camp, he stopped and half turned as if to retrace his steps. Then he came on, and, much to our surprise, turned into the winding path which led up to our tents.

Beneath his arm he carried a bundle wrapped in a faded silk cover. Here was diversion! We regarded him curiously and wagered with one another as to the contents of his bundle. With signs of great exhaustion he approached and timidly asked for food. He raised his tattered hat, revealing a mass of dark, curling ringlets of hair and a pair of black, searching eyes.

Motherly Aunt Martha could not resist the appeal in the frank, boyish face. She bade him sit down and rest while she hurried into the cooking tent where she fixed up a lunch such as one would be able to prepare in a camp; she then sat down beside him while he ate, talking to him to cover his embarrassment. Later she drew him into our circle. With rest and refreshment he had thrown off the old drawn expression from his face and we were surprised to find that he was a mere boy.

We were a company of young people and, as might be expected, our curiosity was aroused. We encouraged him to talk, drawing from him the story of his life, which he told in a simple and appealing manner. It was just another story of life's many tragedies. His mother had been a great lover of music and had fallen in love with a great musician. She was young and beautiful and had loved her Italian sweetheart passionately. At this time he had a good position and prospects of a brilliant career in his chosen work; but her father, a stern man of the business world, bade her renounce him. Because she would not bend to her father's will, he disowned her and closed upon her the doors of her childhood home.

She married her lover, and those were days of love and dreams; days which brought success to her husband and happiness to herself, and to their home the baby boy with his father's curly hair and black eyes and his mother's sweet and joyous disposition.

The lad paused here in the narrative. The stillness was tense. Each was fearing that he would not resume the story. But he began again in his quiet way: "I am thinking this will not interest you. My father was taken ill and only recovered after a slow, lingering siege of fever. His position was gone and also the little hoard of money he had saved. We were very poor and my mother could not stand the struggle with poverty. She was not used to it and she died. I scarcely remember her. I recall the long, lonesome evenings that followed when my father would play for me while he told me of my young and beautiful mother. Sometimes he would say she was speaking to him, though I could not understand. Then he would put the violin into my hands and teach me to play upon it. But even this came to an end. He left me this."

He drew forth from the faded silk cover an old violin. "Father called it 'Melody,' and he told me to take it and never give it up. I love 'Melody.' It's all I've got."

And, following a sudden impulse, he arose and tucked it lovingly beneath his chin, and drew the bow lightly across the strings to see if it was in tune. Then into the stillness of the night he sent his song—a song now of sorrow, now of hope. The strains were low, trembling and plaintive, and they carried us back into the life of the youth.

We saw the dark clouds of sickness and poverty settling down on the happy family, and when they lifted, the beautiful mother was gone. We could see the despairing father clinging to life for the boy's sake; and instilling in him his old passionate love for the old violin. Then we pictured the last sad hours and his lingering words of love as he entrusted his treasured "Melody" to his little son. The music vibrated, the tones grew stronger and richer and we felt the power of the lad's ambition to throw aside all barriers and make a place for himself in the world. Full of confidence and hope he sent his tones out into the night until the woods around vibrated with them. Then they changed and sank into sweet and peaceful harmony with the rustling of the night breeze and the twinkling of the stars. We sank back and, as the last tone trembled and died away, an inexplainable something seemed to say, "After all, all is well."

We sat silent. Then from across the lake came the mournful cry of a hoot owl. We came back to reality with a start. Twilight was over. It was night. There was not one of us but lay awake that night thinking of a great future for the lad. In the morning he was gone. He had slipped away in the early hours.

Never since have I sat musing in a tranquil twilight, but those haunting strains come back to me, and across the curtain of my memory falls a hazy vision of the upturned face of the lad, and of his beloved "Melody."

ELLWYN ROPER.

ENCYCLOPEDIA

A. Athena—Goddess of Wisdom.
Athenian—Full of Wit and Wisdom.
Alexander—Son of Philip of Macedon; little known in the H. T. H. S.

B. Bessie Banks—A very quiet and shy young lady in the Hobart High School.
Broke—A disease brought on by an empty pocketbook, usually found about Commencement time.

C. Cram—A verb; necessary and indispensable to modern educational history. Literally, to cram is to force the sponge-like tissues of the brain to take up the greatest amount of dry saw-dust material in an infinitesimal portion of time. In other words, it is to prepare for a history, or any other kind of a test.

D. Debating Societies—Institutions teaching the art of arguing. Introduced by the faculty as an instrument of torture for the Freshmen.

E. Easy—Something which the faculty say our studies are, but which every high school student does not believe.
Empty—to be void of anything. The state of a Freshman's head.

F. Foot-ball—The sport of the Titans.
Flunk—A frequentive flunk may be divided into four divisions, Seniors, Juniors, Sophomores, and Freshmen. To flunk is to the Seniors a privilege; to the Juniors a habit; to the Sophomores a natural consequence and to the Freshmen a terrific quaking of the heart.

G. Girls—An unknown quantity. Many fellows persist, however, in trying to solve the unsolvable.
Grind—A verb, to dig in an unworldly manner.

H. Henry Harms—The orator of the Senior Class.
Holiday—An oasis in a desert. It is a drop of water to a parched tongue.

I. Ink—Sometimes seen on Lydia's dress.

J. Jay—See under Rueben.

K. Killigrew, John—The poet of the Senior Class.
Kick—To forcefully impel by the upward movement of the foot. To protest.

L. Lemon—See STUNG.

M. Man—Edna's chief delight. College man, a sort of God worshipped by High School Girls.

Mollycoddle—A mild-mannered man who selects for his most strenuous sports, croquet, ping pong, and tiddledy winks.

N. Neef, Mildred—One of the Basket Ball Girls.

O. Oh!—The beginning of all of Royal's recitations.

P's-Q's. Unlearned rules which have to be mended.

R. Resolved—The beginning of every debate that has been given in the High School. There is a movement on foot to abolish this word so that there can be no more debates.

Rueben—See Jay.

S. Swanson, Beth—The poetess of the Senior Class.

Sugar—An expression of the Senior Girls to tell how sweet anything they relate to is.

Stung—When you are left in the lurch.

T. Tabbert, George; Traeger, Willie; Tree, George—Three of Hobart's promising athletes.

Teacher—The only serious drawback to High School life. The embodiment of inquisitiveness. A person possessed of the fiendish gift of asking unpleasant questions. An evil to be avoided by lovers of leisure.

U. Umbrella—An article in contrast to Jenny's, and resemblance to Edna's hats.

Uncle—A wealthy relative of some of the Seniors who are thinking of falling heir to some of his plentiful cash.

U Know it Kid—A favorite expression of one of the Senior Girls.

V. Virginia—One of the United States.

Vinegar—A sure test for mumps.

W. Wait—One of Grace's favorite expressions.

Water—For analysis take a course in chemistry some place. For practical knowledge consult a milkman.

X. Y. Z. Last letters of the alphabet. These seem to have little use except to put in Algebra and Geometry to worry High School students.

IF there is any one in the High School who does not think a Senior the finest thing on earth, you may be sure that he is merely jealous because he himself is not a Senior. And why should not a Senior be proud? He has passed through the childish days of Freshmanhood, when his greatest delight was to lug a great pile of books around with him; he has experienced the pleasures and troubles of the Sophomore year, when the boys delight in rolling their trousers several inches above the ankles, and the girls are overcome with joy because they are old enough to wear long dresses; he has finished his year as a love-sick Junior, and with all his three (or more) years' experience has at last come to the glorious and dignified position of the scholarly and studious Senior.

The Senior's greatest delight is to study (some of our teachers may doubt this). But aside from a Senior's attainments, what does he like best? We can safely say his social affairs, for though Seniors are so very, very busy, they do not neglect these functions. When our class first entered High School we intended to be a great success socially as well as intellectually, and we have kept our word, for we are lively Seniors.

The Faculty entertained the entire High School Feb. 14, 1908, at the Odd Fellow's Hall. Being Valentine's Day, "Hearts" were the chief premiums

and we had candy hearts, paper hearts and all sorts of hearts. Many very interesting games were played, and especially one which every one enjoyed was when the lights were extinguished, and the boys were very busy for a short time trying to find his particular girl in the dark, and finding her, gave his heart to her, while she, in return, passed the mitten, but no tears were shed about it, for it was all a joke. As the evening prolonged, delicious refreshments were served and many thanks are due the Faculty for the pleasant evening which we all spent together. Cupid was very busy all the time with his bow and arrow and many hearts were pierced by his darts, but we all departed feeling we had passed an evening long to be remembered as we look over the jollity of our school days.

Then the Oratorical Contest was held March 27, 1908, and after that the parties came thick and fast. Miss Bessie Banks, of our class, won first prize, so a party was given in her honor and all the Sophomores and faculty were present.

Our class liked to surprise or be surprised, as the case may be, so we planned a surprise party on Miss Gish at the home of Miss Ellwyn Roper. We all gathered there and awaited for the arrival of Miss Gish, whom we intended to surprise, when the door softly opened and we were surprised by her, so the joke was on us. But just the same we all had a lovely time. Nothing serious happened that evening, but one of the teachers mysteriously disappeared, but we found her the next morning at her usual place.

At first Mr. Zaugg was rather lonely and blue, so we called upon him one evening at the home of Rev. Kuonen and gave him a great surprise (or at least we thought we did), and a very pleasant evening was spent in games. In the course of the evening Mr. Zaugg proposed in "Deutsch," to Mildred so the rest could not understand him.

Then as Juniors, we thought of Miss Quinnell to start the year of 1908-1909 aright. We were all present, and the memory of the time is odorous, especially as one of the girls was baptized with a bottle of perfume; but accidents will happen, no matter how careful we are.

After the Oratorical Contest the different classes were so over-joyed with the success of their contestant, that a number of parties again were announced. The Juniors gathered in honor of their contestant. For a second time a member of our class won the first prize, George Tabbert being the lucky one this time, winning the gold medal. Just ask the Seniors about the good time we all had and you will see they all remember it.

Then came May 14. Who does not remember that date of all dates, when we gave a banquet in honor of the Seniors at the home of Miss Ellwyn Roper? The entire house was beautifully and artistically decorated with black and gold, the Seniors' class colors, and pansies, their selected flower. A five-course

dinner was served and though much time and hard work had been spent and great care taken to prepare the entertainment, we received enough praise to counterbalance it, and we feel it was the crowning success of the year.

To begin the pleasures of the year of 1909-1910, we, as Seniors, called upon Miss Monroe, at the home of Mrs. Fanny Werner, and a good time was enjoyed by all without doubt.

The night of all nights, when Jack-o'-lanterns and pumpkin faces peep into the windows, white-robed ghosts wander through the streets, we met at the home of Miss Mildred Neef. Pumpkin faces amid autumn leaves and candle light, greeted us as we entered the home, while numerous ghosts and witches wandered about the yard trying to frighten us away. Absurd pranks were played and enjoyed by everyone. A delicious lunch was served, after which ghost stories were told, until we were all afraid to go home in the dark. We were thoroughly convinced of the truth of Riley's line, "The Goblins will get you if you don't watch out."

EDNA SEYDEL.

THE TRACK TEAM

HOBART ATHLETICS

WHEN athletics were first introduced into the Hobart Township High School they did not receive much attention nor did they interest the students to a great extent, much less the surrounding community. But soon the spirit of contest was aroused within the student body and the friends of the school could not withstand the youthful enthusiasm. At present they are considered an important recreation in sustaining the balance of brain work versus physical development.

The athletic season of 1909 proved a great success for our track team. A triangular meet was held at East Chicago on May 8 between East Chicago, Hobart and Whiting. "Doc" Watson alone carried off Twenty-five points, taking first in the 50, 100, 220, and 440 yard dashes and the broad jump. In the weights our boys swept the field clear, winning first in the hammer throw, discus and shot. This scored us a total of 57½ points to East Chicago's 34½ and Whiting 16.

This is considered by our school to be worthy of much attention in the history of our athletics. Our team was somewhat elated over its success as it had lost two of its best point winners.

With their East Chicago victory to spur them on the boys looked forward with great anticipation to their triangular meet which was scheduled for May 21, between Hobart, Gary and Crown Point, to be held at Hobart.

The day dawned fair and the field was crowded with enthusiastic rooters from the respective schools. The meet was very exciting as the events were close. Watson as usual obtained the greatest number of points, winning all the dashes. In this meet our weight men also carried off great honors, Arthur Kilker and George Tree showing great form. But when the points were all summed up it was found that Hobart and Crown Point had tied for first honors, with Gary second.

The track season was brought to an end by the Lake County Meet held on May 28, at Crown Point. In this meet Hammond carried off first honors with Crown Point second and Hobart third. Although we did not obtain as many points as we anticipated we were well satisfied with our little, but fast, sprinter "Doc." When he entered the dashes we appreciated the fact that Hobart had representing her one of the fastest runners that ever stepped into a pair of track shoes. Our hopes were not in vain for he came off the field with colors flying and enough medals to run opposition to the United States Mint. He not only won the 100 and 220 yard dashes but sprung a surprise on everyone as well as on himself by breaking the State and County record in the 220 yard low hurdles. This gave him the necessary points to win the "Individual gold medal."

Starting out the year of 1910 our prospects for athletic honors look very encouraging. This year's track team is one of the strongest in the county. Three of our athletes, George Tree, Wallace Watson and Willie Traeger, the best in their line in the county we intend to send to the State Meet as worthy representatives of our school.

On the Athletic Field

WANTS CHANGE

"I WANT to be a Sophomore,
And with the sophies stand:
A piece of candy in my mouth,
And pony in my hand."
Thus sang a little Freshie—
Aspiring? Who knows?
But these bright hopes are vanished
As in that class he goes.

"I want to be a Junior,
And with the Juniors stand:
I want the love-light in my eye,
A letter in my hand."
It is a Soph now singing,
And as he sings he dreams:
And in his dreams a Sophomore girl
Sits by him, so it seems.

"I want to be a Senior,
And with the seniors stand,
With dignity of manner,
A diploma in my hand."
Thus a Junior meditates
As he hastens to his work,
He has learned how sweet is duty
And will no lesson shirk.

"Oh to be an alumnus,
And at the banquet stand;
Serenity upon my face
A sandwich in my hand."
This—a senior singing;
'Tis graduation eve,
His high school days are over,
He will his text-books leave.

Ah Senior! days are over
When you were glad and gay,
Good wishes are in volumes
Disclosed to you today.
Perchance when you have gathered
The treasures for you in store;
You'll think of high school pleasures
And long for them once more.

ISA BULLOCK, '11.

SCIENCE is not of yesterday. We stand on the shoulders of past ages, and the amount of observation made and facts ascertained, has been transmitted to us and carefully preserved in the store-house of science." This we were exceedingly anxious to master during the scientific part of our High School career, and we resolved to get all we possibly could from this vast store-house of science. Therefore we took up Botany with great enthusiasm and found it, as we had anticipated, a delightful and interesting study.

In our Junior year some of the class of 1910 resolved to continue in their scientific research, but most of us decided to wait another year and then take up advanced science. But those who studied Chemistry report it to be an interesting study as they received an advanced idea on hydrogen, oxygen, chemical condition of things, and ideas of explosions. The following was found in the diary of one of the Chemistry students: That the disagreeable odors created by us penetrated every nook and corner is acknowledged by the

most conservative; That no one broke more than the usual amount of glassware is witnessed by the fact that each one of us had the twenty-five cent deposit returned; That we finished this mysterious study of chemicals, without any loss of life, although the same could not be said of our clothes, for many a vacant spot showed where some hungry acid had longingly lingered.

But when we became Seniors we were obliged to make the jump then or never, so, we as a body started Physics. The first month who should we meet but our old friend Mathematics. "O Star-eyed Mathematics! hast thou wandered here, to waft us home the message of despair." But this did not discourage us and we discovered that Physics could not be mastered without hard work. The first thing we had to get a good foundation, "fundamental laws" they call it. Ugh! A pretty rickety foundation for some of us. Then we were turned into mechanics until the Professor said: "Let there be light." We certainly did need a little light but there had been enough sound without adding more. The only kind of sound absent before had been "sound Reasoning." No sooner had we become "heated up" thoroughly to our work when the influences of our surroundings began to show its effect, and we became "charged positively." And perhaps "positively discharged."

Our science teacher, Mr. Barts, deserves much praise for his patience and help, and teaching us to fathom the depths of science. Without his perseverance ours would have been a hard row to plow. So we want to say to the classes that follow us that only with hard work can they achieve much in science.

"Work—and pure slumber shall wait on your pillow;
Work—thou shall ride over Care's coming billow;
Lie not down wearied 'neath Woe's weeping willow
Work with a stout heart and resolute will."

ROYAL MORTON.

Ellwyn to Miss Quinnell:—"Which way are you going, up or down?"

Miss Quinnell—"Amo."
Miss Monroe—"Amat."

Miss Quinnell—"What do the senators do when they don't agree?"
Royal—"They disagree! ! ! !"

Miss Monroe—"What is a highlight?"
Mr. Zaugg—"A bald head."

Miss Monroe—"Draw a circle."
Ruth Thompson—"What kind of a circle?"

Mr. Thompson — (in shorthand) "Where is the cake?"
Edna Seydel—"It's coming."

Miss Quinnell—(in speaking of a county superintendent) "I thought so much of him. I actually thought about going to that county and teaching."
George Tree—"Was he married?"

Mr. Barts—(trying to give an example of changing potential energy into kinetic) "What would happen if I dropped this bottle?"
Bright Pupil—"It would break."

RESOLVED—That the superintendent has more hair than the language teacher.

Royal Morton (reading Chaucer) Theseus ordered a beer. (bier).

Mr. Zaugg—(sharply) "Elsie what is the construction of amo?"
Elsie—(just waking up) "I love."

Mr. Barts—"What about the war of 1812?"
Royal—"Well it er—er—was a long time ago."

John Killigrew's Maxim—"Happy is the man that knows he knows what he knows."

Miss Q.—(after assigning the lesson) "Are there any questions?"
George Tree—"What is the time?"

Edna Seydel's definition of ether: "Ether is what you have left after you take away every thing out of a bell jar."

Ellwyn's new Physics law:—The deportment of a pupil varies inversely as the square of the distance from his teacher.

Mr. Tbompson—"What is it tbat is personified as a character in tbe "Faerie Queene" whicb you ought to bave when you are in cburcb?
John Killigrew—"Patience."

Betb—(in geometry) "Miss Quinnell I don't understand tbis geograpbical progression."

Shakespeare's classification of High Scbool students:
Freshman—"A Comedy of Errors."
Sophomore—"Mucb ado about nothing."
Junior—"As you like it."
Senior—"All's well that ends well."

Bessie:—(In Pbysics) "Tbe Nortb Pole is just west of the Baltic Sea."
Mr. Barts—"Where is the Baltic Sea?"
Bessie — Why!—it's—it's—in North America some place, isn't it?"

Betb—"Tell me frankly, Miss Monroe, what do you think of my voice?"
Miss Monroe—"Well, dear, I think you will have a brilliant future in water color painting."

Beth—(in Pbysics) "Wbat makes it so cold in bere?"
Mr. Barts—"The absence of heat."

Edna Borger—"I painted a picture of tbree young ladies, and it was so real tbat wben tbe young men passed, they actually tipped tbeir hats."
Bessie — "Oh, that's notbing. I painted a picture of a hen today, and when I threw it in tbe waste basket, it laid tbere."

Mr. Thompson—"What is the meaning of immense?"
Grace Roper—"Fat."

Pbysics Experiment—"Take a room full of boys, introduce three pretty girls, the boys will turn to rubber."

Genevieve—(Translating German "It must be—I can't read any farther."

Lydia—In England they used to execute tbe people by killing tbem.

Old Maids—Some wicked wretch has most unkindly said: "Old maids are embers wbence tbe sparks bave fled!"

Enamored Writing Master (to a young lady pupil). I can teacb you notbing: your hand is already a very desirable one; the most beautiful I have ever seen.

The Motto of Miss Quinnell's Civic class: "We love our teacber."

Pat—Wbere's tbe end of that rope? I've been pulling it in for the last ten minutes.
Mike—Faitb, and I forgot to tell you, Pat, tbat I've cut tbe end off of it.

A sweet girl graduate, was traveling in Europe. Upon her arrival in Germany she wisbed to engage a coachman to carry her baggage to the hotel. Seeing wbat she supposed to be one, althougb she did not know wbat to say in order to make him understand, she motioned madly to bim, then referring to her little German text-book wbich she carried witb her, she said, "Kutcher, sind Sie frie?"
Tbe coachman answered, "Ja."
She again searcned in her text for some suitable word and finally asked, "Sind Sie verlobt mit?"
"Nein," said the coachman.
But even then she did not know bow to engage bim so that he would understand wbat sbe wanted, so finally sbe asked "Kann Ich Sie haben?"
And tbe man quickly replied, "Nein, nein, ich habe ein Frau und secbs Kinder zu Hause."

Tbe world is old, yet loves to laugb;
New jokes are bard to find;
A whole new editorial staff
Can't tickle every mind.
So if you meet some ancient joke,
Decked out in modern guise,
Don't frown and call the thing a fake,
Just laugb, don't be too wise.

Senior—Hurrah for the Seniors!
Freshy—**Hurrah for the Seniors?** Hurrab for lunatics!
Senior—Tbat's right, everyone for his own class.

Tickle tbe world and make it grin,
The more you tickle tbe more you'll win;
Teach the world—you'll never grow ricb,
But live like a beggar and die in the ditch.

September.

12. Senior Class Meeting, election of officers.
15. Reception on Miss Monroe.
15. Miss Quinnell picking lemons in the garden of love at the North Pole.
16. Mr. Zaugg hurrying home for fear of having the rest of his hair pulled out.
22. Senior Class Meeting.

October.

30. Senior Halloween Party.

November.

3. Several Seniors searching for lost hearts.
9. Monthly examinations.
11. Some sad expressions on Seniors' faces.
16. Willie recites in English. (First time this year).
18. Willie recites again.
21. Where are all the erasers?
22. A lecture will surely come.
22. Miss Quinnell (in Civics) "Leave a blank page in the note books for unwritten laws."
25. Thanksgiving exercises.

December.

1. Ellwyn almost fails to recite in English, (how shocking).
3. John K. gives a good example of potential energy by falling over backward in his chair.
7. Tests. Horrible! !
22. Two more days of school this year.
24. School is out for the year.

January.

2. Back again.
7. Some Seniors went coasting and John K. broke his arm.
11. John succeeds in keeping his arm in the right place.
12. A Junior took a Senior out cutter riding. Alas for the poor Junior! !
13. Semester exams.
16. Editorial staff for the Aurora elected.
20. Clocks get too fast.
21. John K. fixes the clock.
28. Margaret goes to sleep in the Physics class.

February.

8. Willie Traeger (in History). Wasn't Washington a general during Lincoln's administration?
9. Mildred loses part of her hair.
10. Edna Seydel comes to class on time.
11. Wallace whispered in Geometry time. (Everyone surprised).
12. Royal (in Physics). Go to the back of the book and run down the tables.
18. Ellwyn (debating) "Now let us stop to pause."
21. Miss Quinnell (to the High School) "Keep quiet and listen to the noise you are making."
22. No school. What shall we do?
23. John and Ethel go on their wedding tour.
25. Ethel's grade is gradually sinking in deportment.
25. John's grade is gradually rising.
28. On account of Ethel's deportment, John applies for a divorce.

March.

1. Ellwyn, Ethel and Bessie go to visit Wheeler High School.
8. Ellwyn: "Oh my! how I wish that I could go to Wheeler High School." I wonder why? ask Ethel and Bessie.
17. St. Patrick's Day. Freshman true to their colors.
24. Local Oratorical Contest.
28. The Seniors think they would like to take a post-graduate course, so they can attend school in the new building.

April.

1. April Fool.
15. Oratorical Contest at Hammond.
18. Seniors give a reception in honor of Prof. Barts.
20. The Sophomores have loyal boys. They are always on hand for a party.
21. Miss Monroe (in music, speaking to altos) "Please hold me (mi) a little longer."

    John Killigrew: "How I wish I was one of the alto singers."
23. Beth "I don't like Arthur any more."
28. Miss Monroe (in music) "George, take me (mi)." Why?

May.

1. Beth goes to the show with Arthur.
3. Which is the peanut corner?
4. Junior reception.
5. Not many Juniors in school.
13. Semester Exams.
20. School closes.
23. Class Day.
24. Commencement.
26. Alumni Banquet.

TOWNSHIP TRUSTEES

Given in the order of their service

Major M. J. Cook
*George Stocker, Sr.
James Roper, Jr.
*Jarvis H. Roper
*Seward Lightner
N. P. Banks
A. J. Swanson
Alwin Wild
Lewis E. Barnes

*Deceased

HIGH SCHOOL TEACHERS

Who have served since 1889

A. J. Smith—Supt. 1889-1890
P. S. Gristy - Supt. 1891-1895
A. R. Hardesty—Supt. 1895-1900
W. R. Curtis—Supt. 1900-1905
†G. H. Thompson—Supt. 1905—
J. H. Conroy
Mrs. M. A. Patterson.
Miss H. Alena Wolfe
Mrs. Cleo Z. (Barnes) Weatherwax
Mrs. D. Richardson Lyeth
T. A. Hanson
C, E. Swem
Miss Bessey K. Gish
†Miss Helen M. Quinnell
†Chas. H. Barts
†W. A. Zaugg
†Miss Mabel C. Monroe

†Present Faculty.

GRADUATES

1889—
Carrie Banks

1891—
Grace (Rifenburg) Conroy
*Mamie Jory
William Portmess

1892—
L. Victor Seydel
Menta (Mander) ———
Emily (Ammerman) Alexander
Arthur Roper
Mary (Gordon) Ballentyne

1893—
Howard Gordon
Agnes (Fiester) Barnes

1894—
*Ida Lutz
Mamie Hancock
Thomas Roper
Hattie (Belt) Wellock

1895—
Amanda (Triebess) Robinson
Edward Harney
*Hugh Thompson
Arthur Cook
Floyd Bayor
Robert Roper

1896—
Pearl (Banks) Lutz
Clara (Peterson) Foss
Edwin Gordon
Pearl (Kent) Beltzhoover

1897—
Mamie Portmess
Daisy (Lambert) Bullock
Norma (Scholler) Samuelson
Laura (Nitchman) Keys
Ruth Portmess
Mary (Roper) Strong

1898—
May Cheney
Teckla (Anderson) Ceander
Luther Roper

1899—
Bliss (Roper) Newman
Martha (Harrison) Brown
Myrtle (Banks) Iddings
Charles Blank

1900—
Lillian (Blank) Baker
John Johnson
Laura Johnson
Jennie (Crockett) Irvin
Joseph Mundell
Clara Peterson
Charlotte Roper
*Banard Peterson
Dora (Stauffer) Halsted
Esther Blank

1901—
Joseph Johnson
Mabel (Rowe) Butler
Bessie (Banks) Idle
Albin Hazelgreen
Ella (Nelson) Carlson
Anna Michelsen
William Crockett

1902—
Vieva Scoffern
Dwight Mackey
Arthur Carnduff
Esther (Nelson) Williams
Philip Roper
Elvira (Larson) Ewing
Ruth Bullock

1903—
Alla (Rhodes) Carnduff
Nettie Londenberg

1904—
Lena Michelsen
Anne Fleck
Sena Borger
Cora (Ragen) Maybaum
Blanche Quinnell
Bessie Hayward
Howard Carlson
Harte Mundell
Frank Reissig
William Warchus
Ellen Malone
Cora Saxton
Paulina (Marquardt) Newman

1905—
Floyd Saxton
Elsa Wettengel
Agnes Carnduff
Gilbert Bullock
Marie Johnson
Beatrice Quinnell
Charles Jahnke
Oliver Bullock
Floyd Scholler
Clara Fleck
Edna (Mundell) Troehler
William Killigrew
Harry Parker

1906
Olga Neef
Eva Deutsche
William Sholl
Ruth Boal
Jennie Carlson
Laura Reissig
Henrietta Gibson
Gladys Henderson
Laura Lennertz

1907—
*Howard Halsted
Genevieve Gibson
Agnes Williams
Lilly Jahnke
Lea Scholler
Amanda (Bullock) Carr
Eunice Roper

Eric Carlson
Cecil Peterson
Esther Boal
Eva Odell
Ethel Frank
Beatrice Drew
Alice Mundell
Lucy Mander
Kathleen Killigrew
Floyd Banks

1908—

Thomas Michelsen
Julia Fleck
Ralph Wood
Hazel Lewis
Florence Banks
Gertrude Sweeting
Viola Wall
Nettie Kraft
Alice Stuebing
William Marquardt
Edna Carpenter
Julia (Peterson) Moberg
Martha Heck
Lillian Rossow
Gladys (Mackey) Woods

1909—

Henrietta J. Harms
Emily E. Bracken
Deering A. Melin
Lenna L. Peddicord
Theresa G. Butts
Fred W. Frank
Helen Mackey
Gladys P. (East) Spry
Lizzie Klausen
Lillie Rose
Hattie C. Papka
Margaret Bullock

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